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A FAMILY EXPERIMENT

FROM MY POINT OF VIEW

BY: KACEY CUTRIGHT



Hello. My name is Georgia and I am a 4 year old, 75 pound golden doodle. I am not supposed shed, but I do. My family says I have anxiety issues. I also don't like change. Call me old fashioned but I don't like it, especially in my own home, yet we are conducting a one year home schooling experiment.

Before...



Mom



Dad

Kacey



After...^{dad}

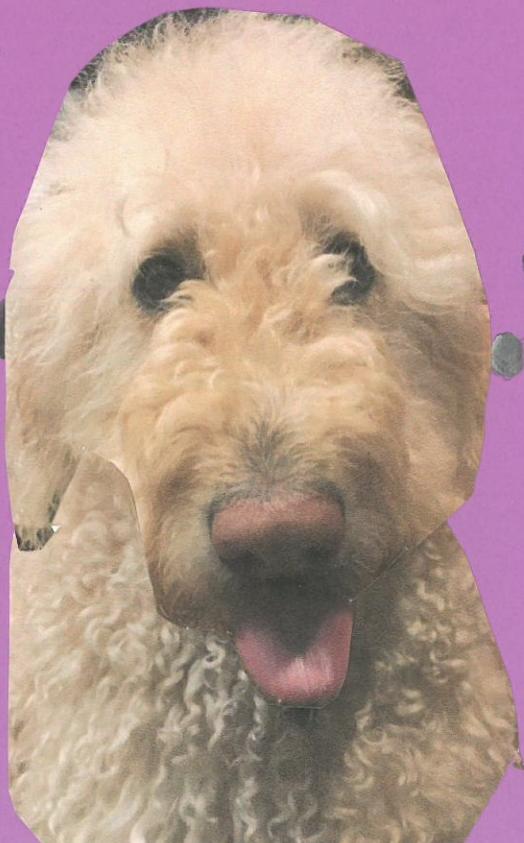


mom

After...^{dad}

Spending the day with me ...

Spending all day with them!



Just last year my days where heavenly. My routine was comfortable and predictable. I could lounge around while my little sister Kacey and even littler brother Dorsey where at school. I would play with mommy and daddy until 3:26 in the afternoon then I would walk, on sunny days, or ride shotgun in the four wheeler down our long driveway to fetch them from the bus. I adored those four wheeler rides. When anyone jingled the side by side keys I would refuse to let them out of my sight. When I'd hear the rev of the engine I'd sprint toward it. I would jump in, hog the front seat and my family would burst out laughing. I never understood that. But now the kids are home ALL THE TIME.

IF I could just
get it to go
vroom!



I have noticed some perks to them being around all day. Now, when they are not doing school lessons we get to play a lot. We do “bubbles”, irresistible soap balls that come out of a magical wand. We enjoy what they call “Georgia Skating”. They both put on their roller blades and I put on my fancy harness and elegant leash. One skates ahead with the magical wand and the other one holds on to my lovely leash as I rush ahead after the bubbles. Sometimes, I don't even know we are about to play bubbles! They spell out random letters, like B-U-B-B-L-E-S, and the next thing I know, the magic wand is in their hands and I'm outside chasing “bubbles”!

Irresistable
soap balls!



I must get them all!

Irresistable
soap
balls.

hoomans face
while doing
B-U-B-B-L-E-S

irresistable
SOAP balls

Ah h h
h h h h h !

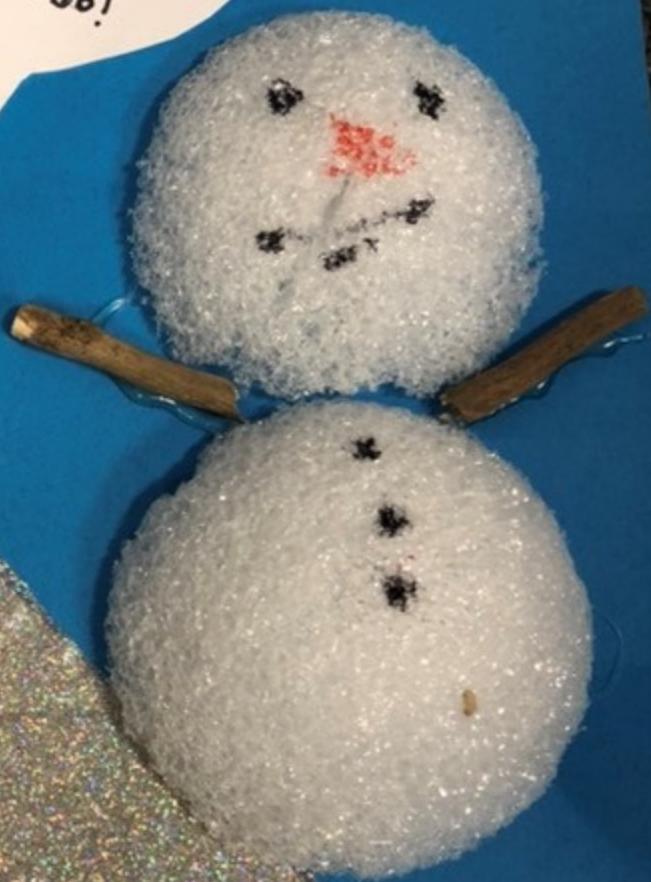


Another benefit I enjoy is unlimited sledding. My favorite time of the year is when it's cold outside and the ground is covered in white stuff. My brother and sister put their warm gear on and head out with their sleds to our mammoth hill. When they start gliding down I follow close, I race down the hill at full speed. I try pulling them off their sleds to save them from injury. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. Once they are stopped at the bottom, I nip and tug at their gloves trying to remove them. For some reason, every time I do either of these they yell at me. I mean, I am saving them. They can be so ungrateful.

I must save
my human!



Look out,
Mr. Snowman!
Here I come!
Wahoo!



When this experiment began I thought the kids should go back to school. Homeschooling is not my favorite thing. Don't tell anyone, but I kinda like having them around. Oh, and I still get to ride in the four-wheeler when mom or dad pulls them on their sleds or around the farm and up and down our hill. I still resist change, but this homeschooling thing is not so bad, I was worried about nothing. Maybe a little change is good.

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Life

is

Good!

